

Stuff About Stuffing Steve by ChubBee (NotSoBusyBee)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Multi

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-06-21

Updated: 2018-10-22

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:53:20

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 4

Words: 17,480

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A collection of short to short-ish stories about Steve being chubby/fat, eating, and gaining weight. That's... basically it. None of them are necessarily on the same timeline or in the same universe. However, Steve being paired with Nancy and/or Jonathan will be a recurring theme.

However, none of them will ever have Harringrove. Sorry to any shippers of that.

Although these aren't actually smutty, Steve is always at least 18 in all of them.

Individual summaries will be in the beginning notes. The basic premise of the latest four chapters will be listed here.

Ch 1: Cop Steve WG, mostly fluff

Ch 2: Football WG, slight unrealism

Ch 3: Scoops Ahoy WG

Ch 4: WG Gym, slight unrealism, some mostly consensual humiliation. Part 1/2.

1. Cop-ulence

Author's Note:

This first one is basically a cop AU, but there's not really any crime or angst, just WG and fluff.

Being a cop was a lot different than Steve originally anticipated. Not exactly in a bad way, just a “less exciting” kind of way.

As it turned out, without Upside Down shenanigans, Hawkins really was an exceptionally quiet and uneventful place. It didn't help that Steve especially didn't see much action, as he hadn't been on the force for too long yet and was generally given simpler and more menial tasks. Things were basically just a steady process of filing reports, being on the phone, pushing paper, etcetera, etcetera. Still, Steve didn't really complain, since it wasn't really anything he'd consider difficult or stressful, and he already knew from experience that “eventful” didn't automatically mean “better”. He also figured it would at least give him the experience to move up to something bigger in the future, if he wanted.

Of course, just because he wasn't complaining much didn't mean it was perfect. There was still the issue of how to cope with boredom... and as it turned out, food was the best answer he'd found.

All the best fast food and restaurants in Hawkins tended to be conveniently close to the station... but given the overall size of Hawkins, pretty much everything it had could be considered “nearby” in a certain sense anyway. Steve had never particularly disliked food before, but against the backdrop of an uneventful job, a big heap of rich comfort food seemed absolutely amazing in comparison.

But of course, eating simply out of boredom and enjoyment meant eating when he wasn't even hungry... and eating when he wasn't hungry meant more calories, more stomach stretching. At the same time, an uneventful job also meant there wasn't much exercise involved... There was no running after criminals if there were barely criminals to run after in the first place.

It didn't help that Steve had lost a lot of motivation to exercise, as over half the original motivation was just to impress others, or for the sake of a sport. It'd gotten to the point where cardio had been cut down considerably, and he mainly lifted weights. If things got weird again, and it came down to fighting for his life, attacking seemed to work better than running anyway.

Of course, the old days of putting in a lot of effort to be strong, talented, and popular still left him with a jock's appetite that never got a chance to shrink... in fact, it kept growing at a good pace.

Eating a large pizza by himself had stopped being particularly hard while he was still in high school... two with at least a liter of soda was more his speed as of late, although it always led to him being totally bloated, burping and sneaking stomach rubs when no one was looking.

There was also an excellent Mexican place, where you could get huge burritos and heaps of greasy nachos for amazing prices... which Steve knew on some level had to be because the ingredients were cheap and loaded with fat and preservatives; only elevated to greatness by excellent seasoning, good cooks, and incredibly generous portions.

The burger place and the chinese food place seemed to follow the same logic... and of course, there was the moderate preferential treatment Steve got for being a cop... A strong, young, attractive cop, more specifically. Free and discounted food seemed to come his way with surprising frequency, especially as he became an increasingly regular customer. Food that would've just been thrown out otherwise was especially likely to come his way, and often ended up becoming a midnight snack... or feast, depending on how much it was.

So of course, with all of those factors combined, Steve packed on weight surprisingly quickly. At a bare minimum, he was growing at ten pounds a month... but usually, it was fifteen or more, especially after the first couple of months. Once the job wasn't new to him, it was even more boring... and once his body was used to the overindulgence, it was even easier to overeat and keep growing.

Steve was conscious of his appearance, but not to the extent that he tried terribly hard to combat what was happening. Hair combing,

fashion, and general hygiene were all fine, but all the diet and exercise requirements attached to being “hot” felt rather stressful and tedious anyway. For him, the so-called battle of the bulge was less of a battle and more of a half-hearted, on-and-off argument. The kind of argument where it didn’t actually feel that important to win. Sure, it wasn’t exactly the healthiest thing to be pounding down food when he wasn’t even hungry, sucking down soda, and just slowly letting his appetite get bigger and bigger with no effort to control it.... But at the same time, he was still exercising, and he pretty much felt fine. And at any rate, he was probably a better person overall than he was for most of high school.

Still, that didn’t mean that it didn’t get sort of shocking sometimes... Like when he worked overtime and came home with a bag of burgers /and/ a bag of spicy burritos, both totally free, because they both would’ve been thrown out otherwise. It was a slow day, apparently.

He was already in a steadily tightening uniform that used to belong to Hopper, who honestly served as part of Steve’s rationalization for his eating habits. “Well, I’m only about as big as Hopper, and there’s nothing wrong with Hopper,” so his thinking often went. Nevermind that his latest set of hand-me-downs from Hopper was pretty recent, recent enough that Hopper would still fit them.

Once Steve got home, he did nothing but take off his shoes and undo his belt, which was on its last notches. He’d already eaten a bit in the car, taking a slightly longer way home and taking advantage of a few stoplights. As soon as he walked through the door, he was greeted by Nancy and Jonathan.

Blessedly, no one ever really gave him a hard time for his relationship with them, mainly because they made sure to cover everything in a layer of plausible deniability. Steve was just their close roommate staying to lower financial burdens. Clearly. At least, from most people’s perspectives.

“Steve, we’ve already got dinner waiting,” Jonathan said, looking rather curious about the bags.

“It’s one of your favorites, chicken parmesan with garlic bread,”

Nancy added. Steve quickly perked up. That was sounding *really* good.

“Heavy on the parmesan, and of course, the little secret ingredient you like so much... butter in the spaghetti.” Jonathan added with a smirk, which just got Steve even more eager. They really knew how to feed Steve how he *wanted* to be fed, not according to some cookbook’s humble idea of a healthy meal.

Sure enough, Steve looked in the kitchen and saw that there was still definitely more than enough left over... and all warmed up for him, too. The “finance” cover story was true to an extent, after all. At least true enough that the three had no trouble affording such generous portions. Steve hadn’t worked late because he was on particularly hard times, it was just something that happened to come up.

“God I love you guys,” Steve said, as he quickly put the bags of fast food down so he could wash his hands and then make his first heaping plate to take into the living room. Mindless television was, of course, an even better way to overeat.

Jonathan sat next to Steve while Nancy sat nearby on a loveseat, but both were watching intently as Steve ate heartily, despite not even actually being very hungry. He barely even paid attention to what was on TV, it barely mattered in comparison to the fatty, carb-loaded food he was busy inhaling.

As soon as Steve’s fork was scraping the bottom of the plate, Jonathan was almost immediately offering to take the plate and refill it. Steve didn’t even have a chance to question if he’d had enough, especially since he’d already scarfed down a couple of burgers on the way home. Before he knew it, he was being presented a heaping refill, and a big glass of chocolate milk.

So, of course, the process repeated, Jonathan once again acting so quickly and fluidly that Steve didn’t even get a chance to think that maybe he’d had enough, or have the difficulty of standing up himself remind him of how much he’d already eaten.

After three full plates of chicken, garlic bread, and spaghetti (with a

bunch of butter added, no less), and what amounted to about half a gallon of chocolate milk, Steve was starting to realize he'd overdone it. His stomach was churning and throbbing something fierce, straining his button-up shirt and his khaki pants. Steve simply wiped his face off and groaned, struggling to reposition himself... at least until the button on the pants suddenly burst, flying clear across the room and audibly smacking into a wall.

Steve went bright red, although he had to admit that it was a relief. His belly surged forward, taut and firm beyond the outer layers of flab. They were thicker on his lower belly, and he was getting quite the overhang even when he wasn't full, but he looked especially huge with a totally stuffed belly.

Nancy and Jonathan just stared for a moment, until Nancy quickly came over and both of them were suddenly completely focused on tending to him, as if he'd just injured himself and not simply made a pig of himself.

"You okay, Steve?" Nancy asked, carefully unbuttoning this lower shirt buttons and lifting the fabric to better expose his belly. Steve simply belched and nodded as Jonathan started to rub his belly, firm but not too firm. Now that it was bare and exposed, an assortment of stretchmarks along the lovehandles and beneath the lower bulge of fat were as clear as day.

"Fuck, I'm getting huge..." Steve moaned. "So damn full... Probably gonna gain a pound or two just from this one meal." he added, with labored breaths.

Jonathan and Nancy were silent, hoping that Steve wasn't thinking he'd crossed some sort of line. He'd never really complained much about his weight before, even though all three of them were fully aware it was happening.

"These were Hopper's pants... and they weren't even from that long ago... So basically, I'm officially fatter than him now..." Steve said. Heat went to both Jonathan and Nancy's cheeks at that statement, but they brushed it aside for the sake of listening to see if perhaps Steve was having genuine regrets.

“Well... do you think that’s a bad thing? Whatever you wanna do with your weight, it’s up to you...” Nancy replied, a bit cautiously.

“We want you to be happy. You know that. You looked really happy eating dinner just now, but if you want us to help you change some things, that’s fine too,” Jonathan said.

“No,” Steve replied, although some people might have thought it was rather ridiculous for him to be saying something like that while he was stuffed like a tick. “I’m good. Well, yeah, I’m sore, but like... in a good way. Doesn’t hurt that bad, it’s just like a big tight, warm, heavy ball. Mostly feels good.”

“Yeah, you’re huge right now. No point in denying it,” Jonathan said with a grin, squeezing one of Steve’s lovehandles as he did.

“And probably just gonna get bigger, unless my metabolism pulls off a fucking miracle.” Steve said with a chuckle. Judging from knowledge he retained from his jock days, that just wasn’t happening. Most teen boys and young men like him weren’t really *that* absurdly high in metabolism, it was usually more of a matter of not eating as much as they thought they did. Even needing an extra thousand calories a day was barely going to do anything against the kind of eating Steve did.

“You definitely aren’t wrong, especially with the way we feed you,” Nancy said with a guiltless smile. Sure, she would be completely fine with Steve losing weight, but there was just something so oddly satisfying about seeing Steve eat as much as he could, simply because he liked it... and watching him steadily get softer and softer, more jiggly and cuddly with each decadent meal. He deserved to be happy, even if others might not entirely understand.

After that, Jonathan and Nancy were soon helping Steve get to the bedroom, giving him kisses and praise as they did so. He was so full that moving was genuinely a chore on his own, and it was deceptively hard for him to keep balance.

But of course, that still left the fast food that Steve had brought home...

So, Steve found himself up at 3 AM, wearing only tight boxers. His gut was still churning and somewhat firm, but it didn't hurt anymore and it had considerably more give to it. Its activity had woken him up, but he thankfully only had to use the bathroom, rather than feeling sick or uncomfortable. His stomach had adapted pretty well to his new habits, especially because he'd already been eating quite a bit to keep up with sports.

Still, once he was done, he briefly went past the kitchen... and noticed that the bags of food he'd brought home were still there. Where they'd probably just go to waste... and he'd been given the food specifically so it *wouldn't* go to waste...

There was no harm in a little more pigging out, right? His work pants were already done for anyway. He wasn't even hungry in the slightest, his belly was jutting out still content and slightly distended... just the mere thought of a tasty late night snack was enough motivation to reach for the bags...

He tossed two cheeseburgers and three burritos in the microwave at once, but still ended up eating two more cheeseburgers cold over the time it took to get everything warmed up to satisfaction... Even room-temperature, they still managed to be surprisingly good.

He idly licked a bit of stray sauce off of his fingers as he got the food out of the microwave... only to find that Nancy had apparently woken up and joined him in the kitchen while he was distracted.

With Steve shirtless, the contrast between them was immense. Nancy's body hadn't changed much at all, while Steve's formerly lean body was laden with soft layers of blubber.

It was plain to see that he was not just fatter than Hopper, but *significantly* fatter than Hopper... After all, it usually took a good deal of growing past a clothing size to start breaking buttons, but it meant even more, considering that Hopper had gained a little weight himself since the days when Steve was skinny. Steve's belly jutted out, round and totally overfed, but holding up to all the pressure amazingly well. There was a sizable overhang, and the fat noticeably bulged out a bit more past his belly button, where there was more lower belly fat accumulating. His thighs were thick and chunky

enough that he'd started developing a waddle, and his butt was fat and round enough to be readily apparent no matter what Steve wore, even sweats. His boxers were strained tight as well. He supposed continuing to do squats but also loving to dunk Twinkies in chocolate milk would do that. His shoulders were broad and his arms were thick and beefy, with underlying muscle apparent but also coated in a soft layer of fat. His chest had softened and grown as well, pecs becoming soft and flabby. His face had softened considerably as well, enough to give him a double chin at certain angles.

"You still wanna eat more?" Nancy said, surprised but not necessarily upset, judging by the small, almost mischievous smile she was forming.

"Can't waste food, right?" Steve weakly defended as he stood there with his food, fully aware of the unnecessary excess.

"Yeah, but you must be like 300 pounds by now. Wouldn't be surprised if you're a little past it," Nancy said, walking up behind Steve and squeezing his lovehandles. "Still, looks good. Feels good too," Nancy said, jiggling Steve's belly from behind. Even still partially full from dinner and two cold burgers, it bounced rather impressively.

Steve stifled a burp, caused by the jostling of his stomach, and just started in on a burrito before even bothering to actually sit at the kitchen table. Even reheated, it was warm and comforting, and most of the moisture and flavor had stayed in as well.

Nancy just watched attentively, not only in appreciation of the scene before her, but also in anticipation of the future... where Steve would doubtlessly be bigger than ever, if he kept eating so amazingly well with no one bothering to stop him.

By time Steve was done with his midnight "snack", Nancy had encouraged him to eat two more burritos and another burritos, leaving him once again stuffed to the gills, belly gurgling and sloshing while Steve burped and moaned. The rest was saved for the next day.

Steve and Nancy going back to bed managed to wake Jonathan, who

was pleasantly surprised to see that his boyfriend had helped himself to a completely excessive and unnecessary midnight snack. Neither he or Nancy went back to sleep until they had successfully lulled Steve back into slumber with gentle belly rubs and whispered praises. He was so overloaded that sleeping on his stomach was totally out of the question.

Still, he would say that he had a very good rest.

Notes for the Chapter:

the title is a pun on "corpulence", because apparently i can't go ten minutes without a shitty pun.

2. The Huge Leagues

Summary for the Chapter:

In which Steve bulks up for college football... a hell of a lot.

Please note that I don't actually know tons about football, or even enjoy the sport personally. This is basically gonna be like a skewed version that exists mainly as a prop for weight gain and has more room for sloppy, completely overdone bulking.

The weight gain is also a little less realistic than chapter 1. Not /super/ over the top, but definitely stretching the hell out of plausibility.

Another day, another grueling practice completed. Steve's stomach bowed outwards slightly, seeming well-fed enough... But in his opinion, it wasn't even close.

Even though Steve originally wanted a faster, more nimble offensive position, the coach had decided not too long ago he was actually better suited to the defensive positions... which Steve wouldn't complain about, if it weren't for one minor issue...

Not only was he already a little small to be on offense, but *way* too small to be defense. The coach was extremely frank about it, and equally frank about the fact that there was just one solution: Steve needed to get *big*, and *fast*. So fast and so much, in fact, that the coach had already bluntly told him there was pretty much no avoiding a certain fact: He had to be willing to get fat. There was just no way to gain it all, or even most of it, as muscle.

Steve somehow ended up agreeing, even though he was smart enough to realize the issues with the plan. It wasn't gonna be terribly healthy to bulk so hard, the weight could put more strain on him, and he had *serious* eating to do, but if the coach honestly believed that defensive positions were where his true potential was, Steve was willing to trust him. And it wasn't like he was gonna be magically

untouchable and always in perfect health if he *didn't* do it. Either way, football came with a lot of risk. Plus, Steve had to admit that he just didn't really mind the thought of getting bigger anyway. If anything, it was actually kind of exciting. Big, broad, large and in charge, eating whatever the hell he wanted... Better than having abs but being much more fragile and lacking stopping power. Besides, all the strongest guys were often kinda chunky, not completely ripped.

Steve's diet was pretty much the epitome of dirty bulking and a "go big or go home" mentality. He figured the gain would be easier the more he liked the food, and he also figured there wasn't much point in trying too hard to optimize for health. After all, the inherent nature of what he was doing wasn't all that healthy in the first place, and time was of the essence. The net result was basically all of his favorites and guilty pleasures, scaled up as much as possible, along with a steady intake of gaining and protein shakes.

As he left practice, Steve was already 30 pounds heavier than when he started college football six weeks before. His arms had more strength and thickness to them, and his belly was starting to protrude, especially in his tight uniform. An excellent start, considering that he spent three of those weeks on a clean bulk and gained just five pounds in that time, before Coach told him about his new goals.

Steve had so much ahead of him that the coach hadn't even actually given him a real weight goal, only telling him he just needed to keep eating.

Still, Steve wasn't particularly struggling to find enough to eat. The campus had plenty of fast food, and a buffet-style dining hall that he had an unlimited pass for. Even most of his classes were lax enough to let him bring food and shakes, on top of being even more lenient because he was an athlete.

Like many colleges, there was major profit to be made from its sports... and Steve's college in particular was famous for how unusually and exceptionally strong and heavy many of the players were, with even the lighter positions being somewhat fatter and beefier than average. They even got more notoriety for how much they were known to eat, as it was generally regarded as impressive

rather than negative. It even created a sort of bleed-over effect... local restaurants scaling their portions up and adding more calories, marketing it as being geared towards the big athletes. The dining hall followed suit, and in the entire general area, there was a somewhat more relaxed and approving view towards weight and gluttony in general.

Steve gorged himself as soon as he left practice. His room at any given time was full of pizza boxes and empty takeout containers, stacked just neatly enough that it didn't look like a pigsty. His freezer was constantly full of ice cream, and the fridge was never without a hearty stock of junk food, high calorie lunch meats, cheese, and heavy cream. If all else failed, even a thick balogna sandwich with way too much mayo was a surprisingly large and tasty source of calories in a pinch.

He'd even taken to adding butter, oil, or cream into food whenever possible, however much he could get away with without altering the taste much. It was honestly less of a dirty bulk and more of an outright filthy bulk.

Steve shared a large dorm with a few other football guys, and for the most part, he liked it. Everyone had roughly the same kind of mindset, and they were supportive of his wanton bulking. Plus, a huge appetite wasn't out of place at all.

So, days continued to pass in a rush of eating, working out, eating, practicing, and more eating. Steve was always so busy that the pounds somehow still managed to sneak up on him to an extent, even though he was making a very deliberate effort to add them on. Everything he had was pretty much always tight, without exception. All the eating was kind of a chore at first, being active on a full stomach even more so, but it quickly developed into something of an addiction. The more he got used to it, the easier and more fun it was. He even started to take pride in his appetite, and how hard he was willing to "work" for the team. The team would frequently congratulate themselves with huge group restaurant excursions, and sometimes they'd even have a big meal right during practice.

Another six weeks passed, bringing things to the last third of November. Thanksgiving was right around the corner, exciting the

whole team. An incredible chance to indulge in all the gluttony they'd been conditioned into. Even though Thanksgiving itself hadn't arrived to provide a calorie boost yet, Steve had gained another 40 pounds over the six week period, which was honestly stunning. He was almost at the "pound a day" mark, as a matter of fact.

Steve's belly was the biggest and most prominent part of him, round and almost constantly stuffed, jutting out proudly yet surprisingly doughy in texture. His ass and thighs came in second, a mix of well-exercised and chunky with excess and overindulgence. He was getting much stronger too, some of his endless gluttony fueling his muscles instead, but all that did was make him somewhat broader in frame, as the rapid gaining eclipsed most visible muscle until he actually flexed. He was well into the range of obesity, being about six feet tall and 250 pounds... and he was far from done.

Steve had Thanksgiving with both the Wheelers and the Hopper-Byers, since he wasn't on good terms with his own family, but he was dating Jonathan and Nancy, while Joyce and Hopper had also gotten together. Everyone was justifiably floored by his weight gain. Freshman 70 when you weren't even done being a freshman was seriously testing the limits. Still, he made no effort to hide it, and even though the teasing and commentary was kind of embarrassing, something about it was oddly satisfying.

Steve made at least some effort to partially restrain himself during dinner with the Wheelers, but since Jonathan was the main one in charge of Thanksgiving dinner at his own house, Steve went all-out there. Eating at the Wheeler household first somewhat blunted the impact, but he still managed to end up with several empty plates stacked around him, and his stomach looking like it could pop if someone so much as breathed on it too hard. It definitely ached, and it was kind of frustrating that it wouldn't be polite to let out what he was sure was probably a window-shaking belch, but it was a strangely satisfying kind of pain.

The end of the semester came before long, and Steve's school did quite well, although they didn't manage to go all the way. Steve couldn't help but blame himself, to an extent... which only fueled his growing addiction to his "cause" of eating everything in sight. Not

having to worry about school or football games for a while made it even easier, along with the fact that Christmas was coming up.

Between Thanksgiving and Christmas, Steve had already gained 30 more pounds, and his appetite was even more ravenous by time Christmas dinner rolled around. Ham and turkey stood absolutely no chance, he was pretty sure he'd practically eaten a small mountain's worth of macaroni and mashed potatoes, and he had two whole pumpkin pies to himself. That was in spite of the fact that he'd already had so much breakfast it involved a whole pack of bacon and a huge stack of blueberry pancakes, among other things. He was honestly never actually 'hungry' anymore, just anywhere from content to about to pop, but he knew that if he wanted to see results, he needed to act as if he were *always* hungry. Gluttony was no longer a sin, it was something to fully embrace.

With Christmas and the remaining two weeks of having no school to worry about, Steve was passing 300 pounds by the start of the second semester. It was hard to even believe what a total glutton he'd been making of himself... and how much he was enjoying it, how much he was just getting *used* to it, like being a walking black hole was just a normal thing everyone did.

No less than 8,000 calories a day passed his lips, usually more, in all the fattiest and most overindulgent forms. He did still exercise, so a surprising amount of that actually was getting burnt off or slowly becoming more muscle, but it was nothing so extreme that the constant deluge of food wasn't continuing to blow him up like a balloon. His stomach was distended so often that he didn't even mind anymore, the pain and throbbing of a gut well-stuffed being more rewarding than any soreness after a workout.

Youth, exercise, and genetics were honestly the only things keeping the situation in the territory of merely "ill advised" as opposed to "utterly brainless". Steve was holding up better than pretty much anyone would expect, but he could definitely feel the side-effects. The declining stamina, the mounting sluggishness, getting sore more easily, the plummeting motivation to do anything besides sit around and eat... But still, he brushed it all off, as he'd already built up so much momentum that every inconvenience just felt like a minor bump in the road. The answer to any and every problem was always

just more food.

It helped that pretty much no one was stopping him, and most people whose opinions he cared about were actually enabling him. Nancy and Jonathan didn't mind at all, even enjoying it, and by time the offseason hit, most of his roommates were also getting lazier and eating more, so it wasn't hard to just blend right in. Any fears or consequences seemed to become less real and severe, as gaining and gluttony simply became a normal part of Steve's life.

Steve pretty much couldn't stop thinking about food. For the whole second semester, it felt like he was really just there to stuff his face rather than actually learn. His grades were at least decent, but he literally couldn't study anymore without food on hand, so the studying pretty much felt like it was intrinsically part of stuffing his face as well.

Finals, of course, brought rampant stress eating and a massive decline in exercise for the sake of more food and study.

Summer wasn't a reason to lose weight or slow down, it was really just a reason to gorge on ice cream, nap through the hottest parts of the day, make every protein shake ice cold, and look forward to how stunned everyone was gonna be by time football rolled around again.

By time it did, Steve was just cognizant enough in the throes of his addiction to gluttony to realize that he was *definitely* big enough. Maybe even *too* big, by most definitions. In just one year, he'd ballooned himself well into the sort of territory where you were so big it was sort of impractical for day-to-day living, even if you were a young guy with the strength and exercise to help support yourself a little better. Normal scales couldn't even handle him anymore, but he eventually managed to find out that he was a whopping 510 pounds... and he'd apparently gotten a bit taller over the year of gluttony as well, reaching 6'2. If there was anyone to call a "butterball", he definitely felt like one. There were guys who were closer to 7 feet, and yet about a hundred pounds lighter than him.

Steve had started out one of the smaller guys and was now one of the biggest, even considering how unusually hefty his team was.

It definitely showed in his performance. He was slow and easily exhausted, that much was unavoidable. He jiggled and wobbled with every movement and every tackle, he couldn't get up that fast, and he had trouble doing things as basic as bending over. His fat oozed out of his uniform, and his myriads of bright stretchmarks were as plain as day. His thighs and ass were huge, rubbing together and quaking with every move, and his stomach was similarly so thick and heavy with flab that the overhang spilled down to mid-thigh and definitely seemed like its only function during any kind of exertion was to wobble around and get in the way. His pecs were flabby and huge, his face was round, and he was working on a triple chin... and yet, somehow, Steve hardly faced any criticism for basically blowing himself up like a hog. Against all odds, he somehow still had enough strength and stamina so that when he was actually running (or perhaps it was more aggressive power-waddling), pretty much nothing could stop him. It was as if he were a charging hippo, seemingly fat and ungainly before putting on a brief but nonetheless utterly astounding burst of speed.

So, in the end, although Steve's weight gain mostly stabilized due to the caloric demands of his sheer size and forcing his massive frame to exercise, Steve happily lived out the rest of his college football days as a complete and utter butterball of surprising talent. Somehow, self control and restraint were apparently less important than anticipated, allowing him to continue eating as piggishly as he wanted.

Apparently, sometimes the answers to your problems really could just be hard work and way, way too much food.

Notes for the Chapter:

My ultimate hope is that this series eventually motivates other people to make WG fics for Steve if I keep going long enough, because I searched and found basically Diddy Squat before I started this, and that is honestly just a Travesty.

3. Ice Cream AU

Summary for the Chapter:

In which Scoops Ahoy makes Steve into a Fatty Patty, because I just had to do this after seeing the trailer.

There was an original chapter 3 I was working on in this lull of no updates, but that'll soon be chapter 4 instead, because I really wanted to do this.

For this chapter:

Realism Level: Exaggerated/Convenient Realism

Angst/Negativity: Low

End Weight Range: 300-400 lbs

Relatively light Stoncy

Scoops Ahoy was... well, it was a job. Steve wasn't exactly rolling in dough or anything, and working at an ice cream shop in a mandatory dumb uniform with mandatory cheesy things he had to say was admittedly a blow to his dignity. Plus, he had to deal with the occasional shitty customer... But other than that, it was okay. The pay was still better than he was expecting (as in, four dollars an hour, which was actually better than the minimum wage of 1985, and specifically offered to ensure it could attract employees), and he got both an employee discount and loads of outright free ice cream.

Not to mention that the easiest thing to do on lunch breaks was to just rely on other places in the food court to get "real" food, despite the fact that all of it was really just greasy, calorie-loaded junk. And of course, he'd usually end up getting ice cream with it... and then he'd often buy himself dinner (or sometimes, more like a dinner-sized snack) when the shift was over. Plus, there was a donut place on the way to work. He'd never known ice cream and donuts made such a weirdly good combo, but they honestly did. Plus, he could get donuts for breakfast! Not the healthiest breakfast, he was well aware, but it was quick and tasty. So what if he accidentally polished off a whole dozen sometimes? (sometimes, as in once or twice a week, as in single-handedly providing enough extra calories to gain at least a

pound a week even if he were otherwise eating normally)

Yes, there were actually options to get salads or healthy smoothies or something... But working at an ice cream place was stressful, and a big thick burger (or two, or three) with fries, nuggets, a milkshake, and a waffle cone was a way better stress reliever than any rabbit food was ever going to be. Plus, salads were usually the food court's weakest link, in his opinion. They were basically relying on the notion that you would come eat them because of your compulsion to be healthy, not because you enjoyed them the most. The only exception was a place that served the kind of salad that wasn't even actually healthy or low calorie anymore, having fried chicken strips, cheese, and loads of fatty dressing. Of course, this was the only salad Steve actually liked, and he liked it with a lot of dressing.

With that, his diet became about 80% ice cream and junk food, the other 20% still being either questionably healthy things you could make quickly at home, or his admittedly feeble and pathetic attempts to eat healthier. He wasn't exactly stupid when it came to nutrition, he mostly knew better, having only recently stopped being a student athlete and all... But even though he mostly knew better, he was still a victim to certain bits of "bro science" and "bro advice", he didn't have an internet to rely on, and he could hardly bring himself to *act* better. He honestly loved nearly all the mall's food, and his jock appetite was given absolutely no time to cool off. With food so easily available, he was suddenly more of a stress eater than ever.

The manager was a middle-aged woman who was a mix of generous and a bit inattentive, a perfect combination for enabling Steve to end up with significant excesses of ice cream. At first, Steve didn't even notice the predictable changes to his figure. They were negligible, and sort of expected either way. He wasn't playing any sports anymore, and he wasn't going to the gym as much, as he was one of the people who could only get an endorphin rush or a pleasurable "burn" after a lot of effort, and it just didn't really compare to comfort food and relaxation as de-stress techniques. Plus, the sports in themselves were much of his motivation to actually go to the gym.

The looseness of Steve's cheesy uniform also contributed to his continued neglectful and indifferent attitude towards his weight gain, despite the fact that the weight was actually piling on pretty fast. He

kept coming up with excuses to stop himself from caring too much. It was just a dumb summer job spent working around constant junk food, of course he'd briefly fall off the wagon. But the key word was "briefly". In Steve's mind, it was all temporary. In fall, he could drop the lame job and tone himself back up. It was only a few pounds, it wouldn't be so bad. Besides, no one was ever in much trouble because of a little temporary weight gain, were they?

Of course, Steve still hadn't realized it wasn't just a "few" pounds. He hadn't even fully realized just how much he tended to eat. Every day, plenty of varied choices from an overall selection of ice cream, burgers, pizza, Chinese food, Mexican food, surprisingly fatty salad, fried chicken, and other fatty foods made its way into his stomach. Even on his days off, he merely continued the new habits himself.

Despite it being the 80s, Starcourt Mall also seemed to be operating as a sort of testbed for much bigger serving sizes than usual, with all individual food businesses taking part. Steve wasn't sure of the specifics, but apparently there were various incentives and benefits offered for going along with it and upping portion sizes. Of course, this was marketed exclusively as a good thing... and to their credit, it did seem to help sales. Steve couldn't help but get pulled into agreeing with the system, appreciating the large portions in spite of their equally outsized calorie counts. More bang for your buck, right? He deserved that extra food anyway, it was a deceptively hard job. No one told him spending so much time standing around could be so soul-destroying, even if you were young.

With job stress, no more sports, on top of the fact that he still secretly wasn't completely okay after the Upside Down events, Steve was somewhat obliviously blowing up rather than just steadily creeping up. To the tune of averaging 25 pounds a month, to be more precise... and he was planning on a three month stay.

The first month, he barely noticed. He was just putting junk food away with reckless abandon, demolishing burgers that weren't just the standard hamburgers or cheeseburgers, but hefty meals in

themselves, capable of delivering 700-1000 calories each. Greasy pizzas, syrup-loaded sundaes, and other overindulgences were par for the course as well.

The second month, his clothes started out tight and only got tighter, but he still barely noticed. If anything, he was already somewhat hungrier and greedier than he was at the start of month one. By the end of that gluttonous second month full of milkshakes, sundaes, pizzas, tacos, chinese takeout, and free ice cream, he definitely needed a new uniform... Despite the fact that his first was actually loose when he started. By the end of month two, you could clearly see the outline of his stomach and belly button if he didn't suck in at all times. His thighs and ass strained the pants too, and the tightness of the pants made his new tummy look even fatter. With 50 pounds gained, he was already nearly obese... Technically, he could actually pass the threshold, after big enough meals. And he'd still acted flippant until the second half of the month, especially since the BMI cutoffs of the time were a little more lenient. Still, out of a combination of embarrassment and some unfortunate stock issues, Steve didn't get a new uniform.

Rather than properly dealing with the issue, Steve just dove into self-consoling behaviour. He wasn't fat, he was just chubby. Husky. Thick. Healthy. He wasn't eating that much. People were just exaggerating how bad fast food is. Maybe he just wasn't done growing yet. Besides, maybe it wasn't so bad? One more month, he could leave, and then work on turning that fat into muscle. Maybe a good chunk of the weight was already more muscle, since he hadn't stopped the gym entirely and maybe the calories and nutrients were giving his muscle more to work with? He had no idea how fast it was possible to put on muscle, so it seemed reasonable to him. It also gave him extra mass to work with, so that wasn't all bad, right? And it wasn't like he was hurting for a better love life. He was dating both Nancy and Jonathan, and they noticed his recent growth, but never actually expressed any disapproval...

There was teasing from them, but never of the ruder varieties. Steve never heard things like "pig" or "fatass", or passive aggressive commentary, or even experienced any whispers or disdainful looks from them. At most, Nancy just liked to poke his tummy, and

Jonathan had light-heartedly adopted terms like “growing boy” and “beefy” to describe him. When he finally got around to starting to ask their opinion on him dieting, the responses were neutral to vaguely supportive... although the more potentially supportive an answer was, the more Steve saw signs of embarrassment. Jonathan had consoled him with the classic “more to love” line once, and Steve noticed he was blushing a bit afterwards, but didn’t really think about it too much. Things like “Well, it’s your body”, or restating his “you can just lose it later” excuse, or “It’s not a big deal”/“It’s not that much” were more common responses, common and insistent enough that he steadily started to gain more faith in them. Even when he was actually honest about how fast he was gaining, they didn’t seem to really mind, or truly “grasp” just how it was. Sometimes they even offered him new excuses, like “A bunch is probably water weight,” or “It’s just the stress, you can’t help it.”

Steve could swear they were getting more affectionate with him too, but they claimed it was to help him with the stress. Of course. That made sense.

So, with the all the enabling and extra consoling from outside sources, Steve didn’t learn much of anything for his third month. He ate just like before... And predictably, kept growing just like before, pushing what was formerly a loose and roomy uniform to absurd limits. He put in for a new one, finally, but procrastinating on doing so created bigger consequences than he realized, thanks to issues on the company’s part. Apparently, they didn’t have an appropriate uniform ready for him, and then there were uncanny delays and mixups when it came to actually tracking one down and getting it for him. And yet, he was still expected to do his best to wear his uniform, reaching peak embarrassment in the process. By the middle of the third month, it was hard to keep his flabby stomach completely covered, and he constantly had to suck it in and re-adjust his clothes. His belly had also gotten to the point where sucking in could only hide some of it, leaving a definite swell of wobbly chub no matter what. His ass and thighs felt like they were gonna explode out of his pants soon, and every workday he struggled just to put them on. He had stretchmarks, biggest and brightest on the lower belly and around the belly button, but still present on his sides, thighs, even his ass and a little near his chest. By the end of the month, he was

cresting above 240 pounds after every major meal, and he was definitely well over the obesity mark.

The gain was also now enough to push everyone into “definitely noticing” territory, and Steve had to deal with stares and quiet commentary all the time. Even worse, he still had poor self control, and a bigger appetite than ever. After lunch, sometimes even on arrival, he’d already be too full to suck in well, and he’d have to spend the whole shift feeling fat and bloated, his size and apparent gluttony on display for everyone. They had to be remembering how thin he used to be, how he used to be in shape. It suddenly felt incredibly obvious.

Still, Steve had his way out. It was his third month. By the end of it, he could just leave, and he could forget all the things keeping him gaining weight, things he *clearly* had no control over (as he constantly told himself).

But that was all before he was suddenly being offered a promotion he could take instead of just leaving.

A whole extra \$2.00 an hour, which was nearly two and a half times more valuable back then... in exchange for a couple of new duties.

Steve suddenly realized that with the pay raise on top of how he’d already been above minimum wage, it was basically the best-paying job he could access within a sensible distance and within sensible requirements... Not to mention how he disliked the idea of factory or office jobs.

Apparently, management had decided he was still important because sales were still going stronger than expected, and the company had some ideas up their sleeves to encourage year-round sales... Namely, cakes, pies, and cookies. It helped that Hawkins wasn’t cooling down as quickly as usual either.

Of course, Steve’s new duties specifically involved taste testing, along with “constructive feedback” and “quality control”. He blushed as the manager outright gave him a pat on his fattened, obvious tummy and told him he “looked like he’d be good at it”... But despite the mounting embarrassment Steve faced at work, he agreed.

Jonathan and Nancy seemed thrilled with his decision, and they insisted on celebrating his promotion at a buffet.

Steve could hardly believe just how much he could put away, now that he had the context of a buffet to tell him he was definitely eating too much. Plate after plate was cleared, he ended up eating more than Jonathan and Nancy put together... and then still going, until he'd eaten more than Jonathan, Nancy, and what his old self would've eaten combined. He wondered when the two would tell him to stop, or at least hint that he should... but all they did was help bring him more food, which also helped to keep the place from noticing he was getting to the point where you could get kicked out for reaching the unspoken, nebulously defined, secret limit that "all you can eat" places tended to have.

Steve poorly stifled a burp and leaned back when he was done, his belly taut and firm and filled with a throbbing ache that felt strangely rewarding, somehow. It was too much, but in a good way, a way that made him strangely happy for the sloshing, gurgling, intractable pressure in his gut. His breathing was slow and shallow, and he couldn't help but get a weird sort of kick out of how much he just ate, feeling the oddest sense of pride suffusing his practically food-drunk brain.

Jonathan and Nancy had to help him stand, and he actually heard a sudden soft pop or snap from beneath his bloated gut, while he was in the process of moving a bit too suddenly. There was a mild surge of relief for his belly, and his lost button luckily just got sent hurtling right to the floor, rather than drawing too much attention.

Steve blushed, stifling yet another belch as well. Jonathan and Nancy momentarily froze at the button pop, only to join in softly smiling and blushing.

"Well, I bet you feel a lot better now, huh?" Nancy asked quietly, but rather teasingly.

Jonathan at least tried to take a more soothing approach. "Hey, don't

worry about it, those pants were old,” he said softly, but Steve knew they actually were only a couple of months old, one of the first new pairs he bought.

Steve just remained quiet besides stifled burps, even staying mostly quiet in the car as he laid in the back seat, gingerly rubbing his stomach. It’d become a readily apparent, round, swollen bulge with even the belly button’s outline visible beneath his shirt.

“Are you gonna be alright? Do we need to pick up antacids? Pepto Bismol? Ginger ale?” Jonathan asked while driving.

“I feel like if I’ll explode if I swallow literally anything else, so no thanks,” Steve said somewhat tiredly.

“You sure? It doesn’t hurt too bad?” Nancy asked.

“...It does, but... in a good way?” Steve admitted, a little awkwardly. “Hurts, but then... feels really heavy and nice... and keeps my brain from being all over the place, like all I can focus on is how huge and full I am...”

Jonathan and Nancy seemed to get a bit flustered at his words, but they were apparently satisfied with his explanation.

As a result, Steve never learned a single thing. The seemingly foolproof excuse/plan that he’d just leave and lose weight went right out the window. How could he give up on six dollars an hour when he didn’t have the experience for anything better yet?

Steve didn’t even know that the reason for the relatively generous jump in pay was partly because the company already knew how much weight the taste testers tended to gain, and it actually wasn’t as easy as it seemed to get someone who could actually give thorough, nuanced opinions and keep up with demand, so the pay was increased a bit to boost retention.

But overall, it seemed easy enough... Doing a bit less of the kind of

work he did before, and replacing that missing time with the task of trying various sweets and filling out surveys about them. He just didn't expect it to be so... thorough. Taste testing in his mind was eating small samples, but in actuality, he was eating multiple full sized orders of food, apparently so he could accurately answer questions like how "filling" or "satisfying" each item was, if he ever felt "tired" of eating it, how "addictive" it was... He quickly realized that the whole process was gonna be killer on his already doughy waist, but there was no backing out anymore. It was just too profitable and too easy to give up when his main complaints were just "I look dumb in the uniform" and "I'm getting fucking huge"... The latter was even becoming less and less of a complaint, although Steve wouldn't outright admit it. He liked being stuffed, it was no secret that practically anyone would like to eat whatever they want... But more than that, the fat wasn't so bad either.

Steve knew he was getting out of shape, kept needing new clothes, was more prone to sweating and panting and less capable of stairs... but at the same time, he was soft and wobbly and cuddly, his belly was kinda nice to secretly play with, and he wasn't sure why, but he actually liked how fat his ass and thighs were getting. He even knew he was supposed to prefer his face to be angular, but for some reason... he kinda liked his face getting a little softer and rounder. He wasn't sure exactly why he was feeling what he felt, attributing it to his brain maybe being a bit... confused, or something? He liked to eat, and he'd always wanted to be bigger in terms of muscle and height... It'd especially bothered him back in high school when Billy was stronger and more muscled than him... So maybe his brain was just tricking itself into weirdly liking his new figure because he got to eat so much and he was actually rapidly getting bigger now, even if it wasn't how he originally would've preferred. Besides, there was always the vague hypothetical day where he would finally get serious about the gym again and turn that fat into bulging muscle, which he was still somewhat hopeful about mainly because he'd been a jock recently enough that he was fully convinced it could still happen. Not used to falling off the wagon so hard, he wasn't fully aware of just how much effort it would take.

But as summer turned to fall, Steve was still just stuffing his face... and earning the teasing of Dustin and his friends, as he went from

chunky to well and truly fat. One more month, and he'd officially already gained over 100 pounds since first getting a job at Scoops Ahoy. Still, it was only marginally "meaner" than anything Jonathan or Nancy said. He could handle being called the "Stay Puft Marshmallow Man", and the teasing "Again?" or "Already?" he tended to hear any time he said he was hungry, or any time his stomach growled. He begrudgingly (but also with fascination) thought to himself that they were right to be surprised... Lately, he felt like he needed a fourth meal right before bed, or even waking up for midnight snacks... And sometimes, he started sort of wanting more food within only two or three hours of a meal. Not even really because he was already truly "hungry", he'd say, it was more of just... an urge to eat more. At the very least, he did finally get a new uniform.

Over the course of his fifth month, the party's habit of teasing him about his appetite had progressed to a more jokingly sarcastic tone, like "You're hungry? Gee, really?", or "What else is new?", or fake gasping. Still, like his boyfriend and girlfriend, they didn't seem terribly concerned about actually convincing him to lose any weight. They just made sure to order extra food (usually greasy, meaty pizza) whenever he spent time with them. He was halfway convinced that they just didn't want to upset him or else he'd never buy them anything or drive them anywhere. At least for most of them, anyway. He had no trouble believing that Will was really just that nice.

Still, Steve himself realized he'd hit 300 pounds by time the month ended... and also realized he really wasn't as upset about it as he felt like he should've been. Nor was he really feeling any strong desire to stop. He felt like there was some little guy in his brain who was supposed to be controlling his stomach... but now, in some crazy mishap, a pig somehow got loose and took the guy's job. Now he was partially controlled by this imagined "inner piggy", gorging himself with reckless abandon, each bite filling him with some strange, primal, addictive kind of pleasure... But a lot of him didn't actually want things to go back to normal. Part of him liked that pig telling him what to do. He liked how that pig just wanted to eat first and ask questions later, he liked how it could just sort of shut his brain off and make him stop worrying about everything else. He liked how it didn't give a shit about calories, it would just let him keep on

eating all his favorite food with no remorse.

So, Steve just kept growing, even making jokes about it. It felt more soft and harmless that way, more permissible and excusable. He was “fattening up for winter”, or putting on “exponential relationship weight” as a result of two significant others.

By the end of month six, he was about double original weight.... So, from about 165 to about 330. He could feel the side effects. Way lazier, way hungrier, way less energy... Stairs were demonic, and he never did cardio anymore if he could help it. He somehow wasn't aching much, unless he did an unusually large amount in one day, but he could work up one hell of a sweat over simple tasks. But he still wasn't stopping, and still didn't really want to. His belly was like a big soft glob covered in stretchmarks along the lower belly and radiating from the navel, the pleasantly soft flab hanging over his crotch and against his thighs, and even his moobs were fat and swollen and a little reddened. They jiggled along with his overfed stomach if he moved too vigorously, a clear sign that he'd let the “inner pig” win, not even trying to resist anymore. He needed yet another new uniform, already pushing the last new one to its absolute limits.

Overall, Steve was oddly happy with the developments... and unexpectedly eager to see if he could reach 400 pounds.

Notes for the Chapter:

I was gonna make this a little longer, but these are supposed to be short, after all.

4. Bulk City, Part 1

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve starts wanting to bulk up, and discovers an urge to go significantly further (and fatter) than he first thought... Which eventually leads to his discovery of a new gym, with the unusual quirk of being solely focused on bulking instead of weight loss, and being totally fine with unrestricted diets and huge amounts of fat gain... Perhaps there's more than meets the eye when it comes to this odd place.

Notes for the Chapter:

I know it's been like three months, and I apologize about that, but I've been held up and distracted by life and other fan projects.

I also had some false starts, since I scrapped some ideas for this chapter before arriving at this one, although some of the scrapped ones may end up being completed and uploaded in the future.

I will warn you that there's some insulting and humiliation in this chapter, although Steve has a thing for it and a lot of it is fantasy or pretend.

This is also a little more on the implausible side, and just a bit sci-fi/fantasy, due to the general concept of a bulking-only gym, how the gym works, and the inclusion of a fictional mass gainer powder. To make it a little more plausible, just assume it isn't the 1980s, it's year 20XX instead. Or just assume it's an alternate version of the 1980s. Either way.

This installment also ended up becoming a lot longer than planned. Partly to make up for my absence, partly because I got so engrossed, and partly because I feel like this scenario gives Steve a lot of gaining

potential. I even had to make it a two-parter, since I felt that'd make it easier to handle and also allow people to see new content a bit sooner.

Unfortunately, I don't have both parts ready simultaneously, but I have a good flow going and free time lined up, so this whole scenario should be completed soon.

Lately, Steve had a new issue, one that was relatively simple to describe on the surface, but a bit more complicated underneath that.

Specifically, he felt like he was too small lately, as far as strength and bulk went. That was the easy part. The more complex thing was that he wasn't exactly sure where those feelings were suddenly coming from, or if there was any real inciting incident to point to. Maybe it was a delayed reaction to feeling weak in comparison to Billy. Maybe it was just societal pressure. Maybe he was just tired of trying to stay lean. Maybe he'd just been suppressing it for a long time, and he finally couldn't hold it back anymore. All he really knew was that he'd been feeling unsatisfied lately, despite knowing full well that he didn't really have it all that bad. He wasn't super tall, but he definitely wasn't short either. He was lean, but not rail thin. He had at least some amount of muscle, and he wasn't underfed or ugly or anything... It was just that he felt like he needed *more*.

To help rectify the issue, Steve had started eating more, although it was an odd mix of accidental and purposeful. The more sensible parts of him didn't want to rush, and it was his actual intention to steadily and healthily increase intake... But the other part of him was less careful, and a hell of a lot more into short-term pleasure and instant gratification. It wasn't all that uncommon for him to get extra helpings after he told himself he was done, or end up eating some extra ice cream he didn't need, or end up mindlessly eating too much pizza during a movie, knowing full well the pizza was from one of the greasiest places in town. There were even late-night snacks when he wasn't hungry at all, and extra helpings of protein shakes that he knew he didn't need... Sometimes even with ice cream or syrup added.

His mind would always rationalize the less intentional

overindulgence with excuses. “You’re too small anyway,” he would think, popping the latest of dozens of juicy, greasy chicken nuggets into his mouth. “Your metabolism is good anyway, or else you’d already be bigger than this,” he’d reason, as he wolfed down carb-loaded pasta in a rich, creamy sauce.

He didn’t have to worry about his parents getting in the way, and money wasn’t a huge obstacle, since he was 23, living with Nancy and Jonathan, and they’d all gotten pretty lucky as far as reasonable jobs and renting an affordable townhouse.

But still, Steve went to the gym pretty regularly, just cutting out an extra day or shortening sessions slightly so he could both burn a little less energy and relax a bit more... However, that diligent schedule was soon interrupted, thanks to new developments in Steve’s experimental lifestyle shift.

Tight clothes and more stares pushed Steve to the somewhat embarrassing realization that he’d already gained 30 pounds in two months, going from 160 to 190... Meaning he was gaining about half a pound a day, twice as fast as his intended maximum speed. And this was him still going to the gym three or four times a week. He could only guess how much he would grow if he stopped.

Still, somehow much more embarrassing than the weight itself was the fact that Steve had been enjoying himself so much in the process. It felt almost shameful, how good it felt to eat all that food every day, how nice a full stomach felt, how freeing it felt to just give in and indulge rather than hold back. Everyone else was always saying that diet and exercise was supposed to be more rewarding once you made a habit of it. If you stuck at it, you were supposed to end up totally preferring it to being some greedy little fatty in the making. And yet, that just wasn’t true for Steve. Even after so much time being active and reasonably disciplined, giving into his appetite still made him feel happier and more relaxed than he had in ages, at least until guilt and shame set in...

But even then, something about the shame was weirdly pleasurable too. After all, Steve said he wanted to be bigger, and he was actually succeeding and receiving notice for it... In fact, the shame was largely just a sign that he was even more successful than he

anticipated, just not in the way he thought he'd be... In that way, it was a paradoxically prideful sort of shame, rewarding and punishing all at the same time.

Still, by time Steve gained that all that weight, he ended up leaving the gym, thanks to some of the gym goers starting to become increasingly rude, and management not really doing much of anything about it.

"God, what's he been eating? He must already be passing 200 pounds by now," Steve would hear lean, trim guys mutter as they jogged next to each other on the treadmills. '200 pounds' would roll off of their tongues so derisively it was as if they were describing some blubberbound walrus, not a modestly overweight young man.

The words stung, but perhaps just as uncomfortable was the fact that the sting was a bit enjoyable at the same time, and Steve wasn't sure how to handle that reality with anything other than denial. He even got a strange sort of kick out of people overestimating his weight, since he was actually still in the low 190s... But on the other hand, a lot of it was settling right in his stomach, so it was kind of understandable.

Steve waffled on finding a new gym for a bit over two months, using the decently plausible excuse that his experiences had made him more wary and skeptical this time. His boyfriend Jonathan and girlfriend Nancy didn't mind at all, more than happy to dote on Steve and give him plenty of compliments... especially since their idea of what had happened was just "People were being too rude to me", rather than "People were being too rude... and the fact that I kind of liked it made me uncomfortable."

Even though Steve had some ways to exercise at home, which also gave him more of an excuse to take his time finding a gym, it wasn't nearly enough to stop him from predictably gaining faster anyway. He ended up gaining about 20 pounds a month rather than 15, for a total of 40 more pounds... taking him from a modestly overweight 190 to a moderately obese 230.

Part of Steve couldn't help but love his new soft gut, his thicker arms and thighs, his meatier ass and the added swell of fat to his

developing moobs... He knew he was originally thinking bigger in terms of muscle, but he just couldn't entirely deny that he was enjoying fat far, far more than he ever expected. There was even more weirdly pleasurable pride-shame that came with it, just in knowing he wasn't supposed to like it, knowing that he was supposed to be disgusted in himself... yet feeling oddly proud of his mass, his appetite, just how well he was growing all the time.

Still, Steve couldn't help but be on alert, just *waiting* for either one of his partners to actually confront him about his weight gain. It was about 70 pounds in only four months. There was no way they truly had nothing to say about it. And it wasn't like they didn't notice. Steve would even go so far as to "test" things a bit, gauging their reactions to certain situations. Him bending over in tight pants, or coming out of the shower with his belly fully relaxed and exposed... Asking to no one in particular if he'd been eating too much... commenting on how his clothes were fitting.

In all cases, he would definitely notice them looking, and even worse, he'd often notice that their expressions would seem somewhat conflicted, or nervous. Maybe they were just being polite... Maybe they were just going easy on him because they didn't want to hurt his confidence... Whatever was going on, Steve needed to get to the bottom of it.

At dinner one night, he ate modestly, watching carefully to see what the reaction would be. Nancy and Jonathan both kept giving him looks, which did hold the confusion he was expecting... But there was no trace of approval, or any secret sense of relief. If anything, they seemed... Troubled? Disappointed?

"You sure you don't want more than that?" Nancy asked gently. "There's still a lot left, and our budget is fine right now, so go right ahead."

"I'm good," Steve replied.

"Is it the food?" Jonathan asked. "Is there something wrong with it?" he continued. He was, after all, the one who cooked it... and he'd done nothing but steadily get better at cooking as time went on.

“Oh no, there was nothing wrong!” Steve said, completely meaning it. If anything, it’d been hard to restrain himself. Fried porkchops; extra buttery mashed potatoes and gravy; thick, gooey macaroni and cheese; thoroughly buttered corn... and there was still an exceptionally rich chocolate cake for dessert.

“Are you feeling alright, then?” Jonathan asked.

“Is something bothering you?” Nancy added on.

“Well, it’s just... I might as well come out and say it. I’ve gotten fat, haven’t I?” Steve asked.

He was met with an odd response. Both Jonathan and Nancy went wide-eyed and reflexively blurted out two totally separate answers. Yes for Nancy, but no for Jonathan, which caused both of them to then turn and look at each other in shock.

“Nancy! You’ll give him the wrong idea-” Jonathan started, but Nancy spoke up.

“Yes, but I didn’t finish!” Nancy said, piquing Steve’s interest even further. “You have been getting kinda fat, Steve, it’s just... we don’t actually think it’s a bad thing,” Nancy finished, her face becoming somewhat flushed.

“You... don’t?” Steve asked. “I thought you were just being polite or something...”

“Well, the idea was that if we were just quietly supportive, you would get the message... but we didn’t think about what could happen if you took it the wrong way. We should’ve just said something sooner.” Jonathan replied.

“If you want us to help you lose it, we will, but... You don’t have to at all... In fact, to be perfectly honest, I kind of prefer things this way...” Nancy admitted, doing her best to be direct but struggling to look Steve in the eye.

“So do I,” Jonathan shyly admitted. “It’s just... seeing you enjoy food, seeing you looking well fed and happy and knowing we were a

part of it... It's great, honestly."

"Okay..." Steve said, still in disbelief, although part of him was thrilled to hear it as it slowly began to sink in, especially because that was the same part of him that had still wanted to keep going anyway. "I'm just wondering... how far are we gonna let this go, though?" Steve asked.

"We'll stop whenever you want, no strings attached, no guilt tripping." Jonathan said. Nancy nodded in agreement.

"As long as you're happy. That matters more than anything else," Nancy added.

Steve just blushed a bit, considering the full implications of what it all meant... They weren't going to merely *tolerate* his growth, they actually *wanted* it. It was almost too good to be true... But still... that meant there was no way he could pass it up.

A couple of days later, Jonathan told Steve that he'd heard some guys at a fast food place discussing a niche gym that usually avoided much mention because it was only for bulkers and bigger guys, and explicitly didn't want anyone whose goal was long term weight loss. Lending credence to those words was the fact that Jonathan described each guy as incredibly beefy, thick with both fat and muscle, all of them having to weigh at least 300 pounds just at a glance.

The place was somewhat obscure and a bit tricky to pinpoint exactly, but not excessively far away, so Steve managed to find them the next day. Even the guy at the front desk was huge. Blonde, roughly 6'6, and definitely over 400 pounds. He was in a tight t-shirt that didn't even cover his jutting lower belly, and he didn't even seem to care. Just one glance was enough to see a sizable swath of stretchmarks on the soft, exposed skin, a clear sign of rapid growth. But on the other hand, his arms were so powerful that the fat on them still couldn't completely bury his muscle.

“Welcome to Bulk City!” The man said. He was friendly, but his voice was just as deep as Steve expected. “You lookin’ to join, or just lookin’ around?”

Steve hesitated for a moment, briefly caught in lingering worries of societal expectations. No matter where he looked, he noticed that pretty much everyone in the gym was bigger and fatter than he was originally planning on getting, and it would be a lot harder to ever turn back if he ever started hanging around guys like them... Plus, he also noticed the place smelled oddly good, like something was cooking. They must’ve had food too, which he imagined would also make it harder on him if he ever decided he wanted to change his mind. But at the same time, Steve couldn’t help but feel admiration and envy, and a weird sort of anticipation for the extra attention he’d probably get from getting so huge. Plus, the gym was surprisingly big, and there was a surprisingly good number of people around. It immediately made Steve feel less odd for visiting the place, and it was all so oddly appealing that he ended up agreeing to join before he even fully realized what he was saying.

The man brought out a contract, which Steve merely skimmed before signing in a couple of places, not really expecting that some obscure gym would have anything too weird or crazy in its contract.

“Awesome! So, first things first, my name is Blake, and I’ll be giving you a basic rundown of what was in the paperwork. As a member, you get a free monthly supply of our own special blend of bulking powder. It’s really exclusive shit. Any extra you want on top of it is half-off. You also eat free at our restaurant, built right into the gym.” Blake told Steve.

“Wait, really?” Steve asked, starting to feel skeptical. He was no business whiz, but the monthly fee didn’t look like it could even remotely cover a benefit like that, especially in addition to the monthly supply of powder. “Is there like, a limit? Or a catch?”

“We’ve got some crazy rich dudes backing us up, and you don’t tend to hear much about us because we spend next to nothing on advertising. That automatically saves a lot of money,” Blake explained.

“So, no catch?” Steve asked.

“Well, there is one thing, but it’s really not that bad.... See, the portions are gigantic, but you gotta finish whatever you get. Or else you pay full price. Also, no free takeout until we trust you, and you’ve already proven you can finish however much you’re ordering.”

“Seriously?” Steve asked, blinking in surprise. That actually was a pretty weird rule.

“Look at it this way. You wanna be huge, so all that food is like a service. You wanna get huge, you gotta have what it takes. If you wanna eat, you gotta commit,” Blake said. Steve nodded, partly getting it, but it still seemed strange.

“And, one more thing... We wanna see progress. You gotta keep growing if you wanna stay. But don’t worry too much. It naturally tends to get harder over time, so as you get bigger, you won’t have to gain as fast. Do good enough, and you won’t have to get any bigger unless you want to.”

Steve once again thought that sounded like an odd rule. Blake must’ve noticed, because he kept speaking.

“We’re out to prove bigger is better, here. We can’t have people who aren’t serious... But I don’t mean to make it sound intimidating. I was wary myself at first, now I don’t regret shit. I get the feeling you’ll really enjoy it yourself.”

Steve almost got the feeling he was part of some kind of experiment or something, but he just shrugged the idea off. So, they had a couple of weird rules, but on the other hand, they were willing to cater to his odd desires and make him feel less odd for having them, so what was there to really complain about?

Steve soon realized that the thought might have been naive, and that he should’ve asked a couple more questions. Once he got weighed, he found out that based on his weight, he needed to gain 40 pounds in one month.

40 pounds.

In 30 days!

What the hell?!

If that was even possible, it sounded crazy unhealthy... He was already starting to feel like a pig lately gaining even half as fast. And wouldn't he have to start being super lazy to conserve as many calories as possible? His muscle development would halt entirely, he'd just balloon into a soft blob! ...Which didn't sound *that* bad, if he were being honest with himself, but it would still be completely defeating the purpose of going to a gym. Plus, he needed at least some muscle and exercise to help reduce the health consequences of his gaining desires.

"It won't be as hard as you think, man. You can do it. If you're struggling, just tell us before you get too close to the deadline, and we'll help. And even if you can't do it, it's not the end of the world. You don't get kicked out on the first strike. Whatever you didn't gain just carries over to your next quota. And just look, I did the same thing and I'm still here." Blake said reassuringly.

Steve wasn't exactly sure if that was comforting or not, especially since he wasn't sure if the second month's quota was going to get any smaller. He at least already knew he could do 20 out of 40 pounds, but 10 or 15 missing pounds being added on to a second 40 pound quota would be insane.

"The powder helps a ton too, trust me. It's powerful stuff, and it works differently to pretty much everything else. It's not just some knockoff, or some repackaged crap. I swear."

"So it's special, I get that, but like... in what way is it special?" Steve asked, subtly challenging Blake. Steve knew he was no genius himself, but he liked to think he wasn't a dumbass either. He had experience with what scams tended to sound like.

"So, basically, it bypasses certain 'speed limits' your body has on doing things. How fast the muscle grows and recovers, how fast you digest, how fast your nutrients get where they need to go. On one hand, speeding these things up uses more energy. That sounds

counterproductive, but I *swear* it's not. That's because it'll also make sure you absorb as much as possible, and keep your body from wasting too much. So, the extra energy burn mostly cancels out, and your body will just grow a lot more efficiently than before."

"...If it does all that, why isn't it more popular, or expensive, or anything like that?" Steve asked.

"It's actually not all that expensive to make... Plus it's legal and a lot safer than steroids, but it never caught on 'cause most guys think it's a double-edged sword... Too hard to control the fat, and the hunger," he said, slapping his gut and causing a copious amount of wobbling. "I admit, they do have a point. Shit's basically powdered diet killer. Even though it's filling, it gives you serious cravings. Even though your minimum calorie needs don't change that much, your body will demand all the extra it can get. And not just chicken and brown rice, you'll be wanting *rich* food. Heavy stuff, fatty stuff, junk food, comfort food. Most lighter stuff you eat, your stomach will burn right through it. But the more guys we have who wanna use it anyway, the more there is to go on when it comes to figuring out how we can improve it,"

Steve still got the feeling that it all seemed kinda like some kind of experiment or something, but he couldn't see any real holes in the explanation, and he knew damn well he wasn't really gonna go out of his way to do a bunch of research and try to find fault with what Blake said. Steve decided he may as well go along with the guy, at least for a month or two.

So, Steve went home with a large tub of the weight gain powder in tow, honestly surprised he got that much for free. He was expecting some kind of sample size, or week's supply. Eyeballing the tub, it looked like about ten pounds, and it was definitely full. If anything, it actually felt heavy for its size.

He told Nancy and Jonathan about what happened with complete honesty, half expecting that maybe they'd want him to back out, or tell him it all sounded like some weird scam... And yet, they

seemed... cautiously excited, for the most part.

“I do admit it sounds weird, and not exactly crazy healthy... But we could at least help you out and see how it goes for a month or two...” Jonathan said.

“I did actually read an article at one point about new supplements that sounded similar to this... so there’s a good chance this guy isn’t lying, and this stuff is actually as safe as he says.” Nancy added on. “But if it seems like anything’s going wrong, we’re stopping right away.”

So, with their approval, Steve finally went ahead with making his first shake from the new powder, feeling sort of keyed up with anticipation. The stuff even felt surprisingly heavy as he was scooping it out... He noticed that its label said it was fifteen pounds, even though it was still the same size as a usual ten pound tub of any other powder. So, the stuff was denser than usual too? Weird.

The nutrition facts were equally unusual. An incredibly impressive amount of protein, but also an unusually large amount of fat and carbs, and more caloric density than Steve had seen from any other powder. Each scoop was not only 50% heavier than usual, it was way more than the average calorie count of other brands. Steve only skimmed the ingredients, but he could still tell there was quite a bit he didn’t recognize.

Still, Steve prepared the stuff in 16 oz of whole milk, in a 3:2 ratio of powder to milk, by weight. Normally, it would be closer to a 1:1 ratio, but Bulk City’s mass gainer was denser while still calling for the same amount of milk. So as far as volume, it still looked the same. He expected it was heavy enough that it might have trouble dissolving, but instead, it actually seemed to sort of soak the milk up and thicken into a sort of dense but drinkable milkshake without much issue. He hesitantly had his first sip.

He had two immediate first impressions... One was that it was incredibly rich and thick in feel, but the other was that it tasted way, way better than he expected, like an expertly made, extra creamy banana milkshake. So, he tried his best to chug it, despite how incredibly filling it was. The texture and taste were totally fine, but

the actual weight of it settling in his stomach was almost like drinking wet cement.

It almost forced him to stop almost 2/3rds of the way through, even though he made it with 16 oz of milk, which normally wasn't that much. He slumped down at the kitchen table and idly began to gently rub his stomach as he forced himself to finish the rest. Hopefully the stuff would kick in and start doing whatever fancy crap Blake had been talking about before too long. For the time being, it was hard to even get it down.

Steve expected, optimistically, that maybe it'd be about 48 hours or so. He gave a wet belch, and a small wave of pride went through him, knowing there'd already been so many calories in that one shake. Almost 5,000 in fact, although Steve didn't actually do enough math to know that himself.

An hour passed, during which time he just watched TV with Jonathan and Nancy, still feeling sort of bloated and weighed down from the shake... At least until his stomach began to bubble and churn, in a way that at first he thought he might be getting sick... But it wasn't exactly a painful or nauseous kind of activity, it was just kind of weird. Just a moment after it started, it was joined by an odd, pleasant warmth that steadily built up in his stomach, then started to radiate outwards to the rest of him.

Nancy and Jonathan quickly took notice once the commotion in Steve's stomach was loud enough to be easily heard, but he assured them that it wasn't painful... although there was a lot of gas suddenly building up.

Steve let out a huge belch to relieve it, causing Nancy to jokingly make a face, while Jonathan actually seemed a bit flustered by it. His stomach started feeling even warmer and more active, churning steadily as he pressed a hand to it and let out a second, somewhat softer and wetter belch.

But within about ten minutes, it'd all mostly stopped for Steve... Besides some mild, lingering warmth throughout his body, and the feeling that his heart rate had gone up just a bit.

Then, an hour after the weird gurgling event, Steve noticed his stomach was actually feeling pretty empty... He wasn't exactly hungry yet, but he didn't feel full anymore at all.

Nothing else strange happened for that first day, but Steve woke up early to ravenous hunger the next day. As his stomach made noises like an angry bear, he felt as if no regular breakfast would be big enough or fast enough... So, he hurriedly made another shake, and drained the whole thing far easier than he did the first time around.

Even though it still felt really heavy in his stomach, the relief was nigh instantaneous, and he expected it to comfortably last quite some time... At least until he had another bout of gas and stomach gurgles, and ended up hungry again in only two hours.

Luckily, Jonathan had made a massive breakfast by then, so Steve demolished that in short order, actually feeling thankful when he was reasonably full by time it was all gone... although he noticed that just looking at his stomach, he actually looked more stuffed than he felt.

Normally he wasn't so big and round until he was achingly full, but he'd reached the same size and only felt a normal, comfortable level of fullness.

Steve supposed that Blake really *wasn't* lying, then...

Steve went back to the gym soon after breakfast, and he noticed Blake looking at his stomach as he walked in, and smirking at what he saw. There was no way Steve could suck in, and he was there to gain anyway, but it was still a little embarrassing to be seen so big and full. At least it was comforting that Blake looked really full himself, gut even bigger and rounder than Steve remembered.

"So, how'd the shake go?" Blake asked, seeming confident that Steve would have a good answer.

"Is it *supposed* to make you like crazy hungry when you wake up? And then hungry again a lot sooner than usual? Because if so, I guess it worked pretty damn well."

“Oh yeah, that’s pretty standard. Try to have something ready to eat when you wake up, from now on.” Blake said casually “A lot goes on in your body when you’re asleep, after all,”

“And the like... gurgly, gassy, warm feeling a little while after you drink it?”

“That’s normal, but it should stop happening after the first few times. It’s basically your digestion rate spiking, and shit speeding up in general. Soon, it’ll just become your body’s new norm, so your digestion rate won’t spike after a shake anymore,” Blake explained.

Part of Steve felt like he should’ve been feeling sluggish and weighed down after already eating so much that day, but somehow he felt powerful and energetic as he went through his exercises, and other guys in the gym helped and gave him tips.

They even gave him another shake without him having to use any more of his own mass powder, which he was grateful for even though he wasn’t hungry again yet...

But an hour and a half of tough exercise, mostly anaerobic, passed by quite easily, thanks to all the extra stamina Steve had that day... and all the hard work must’ve made the shake hit faster, because Steve felt the gas and gurgling come on, and then quickly noticed that by the end of the session, it was like the second shake of the day and his breakfast had barely existed. His stomach was soft and mostly empty once again.

It wasn’t until after he noticed this that he thought to ask Blake another question. “Okay, I’m noticing just how potent these shakes are now... and I’d already had one today before I came. Should I really have had a second one?”

“Don’t sweat it, man. Like I said, they take some getting used to, but they’re totally safe. The best thing about this gym, is that you don’t have to put any work into trying to hold back anymore. Those days are over. Forget all about ‘em. Just keep working hard, and your reward is all the pigging out you want. You don’t have to pick and choose what you eat, it’s all good now. No shame, from here on out,” Blake said.

By time Steve was in the locker room getting ready to leave, he noticed just how much everyone seemed to follow that advice. No one had abs, even though some of them were clearly strong as all fuck. Everyone was incredibly thick with an impressive and often surprisingly soft and doughy gut to match... Plus, they didn't seem unhappy or ashamed about it at all. Often, either their normal clothes or gym clothes were noticeably snug on them to some extent, and sometimes it was both sets of clothing that were snug. Plus, they were all surprisingly friendly. A couple of guys made sure to tell Steve that he'd done really well that day, and that they knew he had massive potential, which definitely gave him an ego boost and helped to dispel any lingering worries he had.

A couple more weeks passed, during which Steve felt like an absolute eating machine... and most importantly, the muscle aspect of the special shakes turned out to be just as potent as everything else. Steve could actually already notice his arms and thighs were getting a bit thicker even at a glance, with more firmness beneath the fat, and he was already noticeably stronger too. Blake had told him that the effect was always fastest with new guys, and it would start to slow down as he got bigger just like what happened with typical strength training, but Steve was hooked anyway. He'd already gone through all his free powder, but he gladly shelled out money for more. The stuff had truly proven itself, and it was half off for members anyway.

Steve soon ended up having his first meal at the restaurant, after spending the first couple of weeks too scared of failing to finish and paying full price. He wasn't even feeling particularly bold or anything, it was the simple fact that regularly exercising hard and taking the shake had pushed him into doing it. His digestion rate had reached full speed, and the gurgling and gas after having his shakes had stopped. So, after one gloriously long and productive workout, he was left with a great endorphin rush and feeling of accomplishment, but he was also drenched in sweat and absolutely *starving*. A highly filling, potentially free meal was far too good to pass up.

Steve could hardly even express his gratitude when it turned out that a workout buddy had already ordered for him, having already been

asking what kinds of food he liked anyway. After he quickly cleaned up in the locker room, and briefly noticed just how tight his jeans were as he tugged and shimmied them back on, Steve got his food in a fraction of the time he would've needed to wait otherwise. But immediately, he could see that he was right to have been wary.

The meal was an enormous, greasy cheeseburger with what had to be around two pounds of seasoned and loaded fries on the side. Meanwhile, the burger was probably around four pounds, and had four thick, separate patties on it with the cheese actually stuffed directly into them, and oozing out of them. A thick sauce oozed out of the sides, not just ketchup or mayo but some kind of high-calorie special recipe. The whole thing could hardly stack up properly, even though it had support.

There was a large chocolate milkshake on the side, but it also had 1/4th the normal dose of Bulk City mass gainer mixed in as well. Not enough to make it overly rich, but definitely still enough to affect someone, so it could provide a small advantage.

Steve dug in, hardly believing he was really doing it. The burger was better off being eaten with a knife and fork, that was how stupidly oversized it was. Every bite was pure sin and pure bliss at the same time. It was really greasy too, to the extent it'd normally be too much for Steve's liking... but somehow, even something about the fat and grease was much tastier than usual. Steve wasn't sure if it was the restaurant, or just his body craving a ton of fat because of the shakes. The guys were so generous that they hadn't stopped sharing extra with him, so there were still several days where he had more than one.

More and more quickly disappeared into Steve's gullet, as his belly grew taut and increasingly swollen, but once again, Steve's actual level of fullness was disproportionate to how full he seemed on the outside. He pressed on with single minded determination, face going red and arousal growing as he began to enjoy himself more and more. It finally started to hurt by time he finished most of the burger and got partway through the milkshake, but it was a good, steady sort of pain. He couldn't help but imagine the looks on Jonathan and Nancy's faces when he got home looking so utterly gluttonous... God, what would they say to him? He almost hoped they'd tease him.

Maybe there'd be some more food they got for him, and they'd tease him for being too much of a pig to wait... They'd hardly let him get any rest before forcing him to eat it anyway, saying that he couldn't let it go to waste, and that it didn't matter that he was so full already, it was his fault for being too greedy...

Lost in the fantasy and the bliss of eating, Steve only snapped out of it when his breathing and the ache in his gut grew too labored to keep focusing on it, and he noticed that there was nothing left but a few loaded fries, and a smidgen of milkshake. He could hardly believe it. There was a flood of pride and weirdly enjoyable shame all at the same time. He may have been pretty new, but he was a pig just like all the others. It was so fucked up. You were "supposed" to go to the gym to get washboard abs... and here was, inhaling some of the unhealthiest food in the world, knowing damn well his stomach was gonna get huge as hell and marshmallow soft, no matter how thick and powerful his arms got, or how broad his shoulders were.

And no matter what, he couldn't deny that it felt great. He couldn't deny that it was exciting now, or that now he'd gotten addicted. He even had a few guys cheering for him to finish the fast few bites. Blake was right. His days of holding back were over.

Steve painstakingly cleared his plate and finished the whole shake, and simply let himself bask in praise and a mix of pain and utter contentment before feeling like he'd digested just enough to go home. Thank god for his digestion getting faster, or that would've taken significantly longer. It already took him a bit over an hour to demolish that monster of a meal anyway.

Nancy and Jonathan's reactions weren't quite as dramatic as Steve had fantasized, but he still took great pride in seeing their utterly dumbfounded faces, and getting plenty of praise and belly rubs before drifting into a food coma.

When it came to weigh-in day, Steve was in for a huge shock... but not the shock he expected. He hadn't weighed in every day, not wanting to work himself up. He'd only weighed in towards the halfway point to see if he'd need extra help or not.

So, Steve discovered that he didn't gain 40 pounds...

He'd already gained 50 instead. He was a solid 284 on the scale.

It was almost unbelievable. He'd really been eating like that? And he'd grown that much even with all the exercise he did? Most of it was anaerobic, and everyone in the gym only did a limited amount of cardio, but still.

Still, there were a couple of other reasons that Steve had failed to notice he was actually ahead of the game, besides his obliviousness.

One was that with muscle development sped up, enough of his new weight was muscle mass that it didn't outwardly look like he was 50 pounds heavier. Another was that despite the blistering gain speed, he actually felt good. Often hungry as fuck, but good. Full of energy and shockingly fit, just an awfully soft and chunky sort of fit.

His boyfriend and girlfriend were temporarily rendered speechless by the news, and he'd needed to prove it on their bathroom scale too... But they all had an *exceptionally* good time in bed that night, so he knew they were definitely fans of it.

Since Steve had gained a surplus, and the bigger you were the less rapidly you needed to gain, his quota for the second month was "only" 20 pounds. It was already going to be 30, but the 10 extra pounds he'd gained reduced that even further. However, his initial wariness was gone now, and he had no real intention of just sticking to that. But weirdly enough, Steve was also rewarded with more free monthly mass gainer. Sure, he was starting to get the hang of things and enjoy himself, and the whole routine was starting to seem more normal... but getting a *reward* just for gaining extra weight still seemed a little odd. Not that he was complaining. Even though extra powder was half off, the original free amount only lasted about ten days... So the reward would end up saving him a good 50 bucks a month, which could go straight to more food and clothes.

Speaking of clothes, Steve went his whole second month with almost nothing but tight clothes to wear, easily seeing why pretty much all the guys at the gym were in the same situation. Replacing them too fast would be annoying and more expensive, and it was vastly preferable to spend the money on stuffing his face. Plus, he just plain enjoyed the attention.

By the end of the second month, everyone else had gotten bigger and fatter to at least some extent right along with Steve. Blake had actually gained a decent amount too, even though Steve was initially under the impression that he'd been around long enough that he wouldn't gain much anymore. Blake had developed a wider, somewhat wobbling and waddling gait now, his t-shirts exposed his belly even more, and he spent plenty of time in the restaurant... Either that, or he would help himself to shakes and snacks if he wasn't in there. Still, he didn't have a hint of shame or regret about it, and he frequently made good-natured jokes about it.

Meanwhile, Steve had gained another 50 pounds, jumping up to about 330 pounds in total... already making the initially daunting quota a bit of a joke, as it plummeted from 40, to 20, to 0. The quota for his third month was supposed to be 30 pounds, but he'd already gained an extra thirty, completely cancelling it out. In total, he was supposed to gain 100 pounds in 3 months, but he'd managed it a full month early. Besides just his passion and general lack of resistance, Steve was also aided by the fact that he seemed to have a naturally strong reaction to Bulk City's special powder, as he was eventually told by Blake and the others. While pretty much anyone would see a big difference, some people's differences would be especially large.

However, besides lots of praise, there was no extra reward for completely erasing a monthly quota... at least, not *right away*... But apparently, if Steve reached a quota of negative 10 or better, as in he could actually lose ten pounds and face no penalty, or gain nothing and still get the next quota reduced, there would be something greater in store. Since month four's quota was going to reduce to 20 pounds due to Steve passing 300, he just needed to gain 20 pounds to cancel that out, then at least 10 more.

It was only the start of month three, a bit over 60 days since Steve had joined... and yet Steve's reaction was almost the opposite to how he felt at the start of month one. He felt confident, even excited. His gains would probably start to slow down soon, but he was hardly worried. Even if he missed the mark, he was in no real danger, and

he'd have plenty of time to keep trying.

For the time being, Steve already felt pretty huge, and he was definitely enjoying it. It was clear just by looking at him that muscle was still building rapidly beneath all the fat. Enough that he still gave off the appearance of looking beefy, but not quite as fat as he actually was, thanks to a bunch of dense, powerful muscle partly concealed beneath fat. His arms and thighs were thicker than ever, all the muscle and fat gave him one hell of a bubble butt, and he could hardly believe how strong he was already getting. He had plenty of stretchmarks, and a very sizable, overhanging gut, the overhang big enough to stay regardless of clothing or fullness level. When it came to firmness vs flabbiness, it was roughly in the middle. He'd definitely grown to enjoy touching it, or having it be touched, and he's often squeeze it or idly play with it if he had nothing better to do, marvelling at how fast it was growing.

Spending so much time around the other guys in the gym and receiving so much encouragement and acceptance from them plus his two loves was only strengthening Steve's desires to grow, whether that growth was muscle or fat. He'd come far enough that he'd developed an equal love for both, his shame over fat ever-dwindling. At home, he was often shirtless or only in boxers, which also helped avoid the need to deal with tight clothes... Unless he just wanted to show off, which was still relatively common.

No longer fearing the result, Steve weighed himself throughout month 3, definitely deriving a naughty sort of glee from the number increasing each time. But by time he hit 350 pounds, his home scale didn't exactly appreciate his enthusiasm. Weight limit met, the thing broke in short order.

"Guess it was only a matter of time, given what a butterball you're becoming," Nancy said with a smirk, squeezing one of Steve's rolls as she said it. Steve went red and stood a little straighter and stiffer, rapidly getting turned on just by something that simple.

As they all had a pretty good grasp on how to read each other, Nancy and Jonathan didn't fail to notice Steve's enjoyment of the situation. Not to be outdone, Jonathan quickly joined in.

“Nancy, come on, ‘butterball’ is too generous... With a gut like this, this pig’s a straight up sack of lard,” Jonathan said, although his voice was wavering just slightly, still wanting to be careful with his pretend-meanness.

Steve just went even more red. “Come on, Jon, you remember breakfast. A dozen chocolate chip pancakes and two packs of bacon isn’t that much... and so what if I had those extra helpings of hash browns... I needed my energy for the day...” Steve said, intentionally playing dumb.

“Pfft, only a total fatass would think that isn’t enough,” Nancy said. “Don’t forget, I came home with six double cheeseburgers and you inhaled those as just a snack.”

“I went to the gym, so it cancels out, right? I’m just kinda bloated right now, that’s all” Steve replied, patting his gut and releasing an impressive and convincing belch. With his extra fast digestion, he really could get significantly gassier than before.

“You wish, fatty,” Jonathan said. “In fact, I bet you’re already getting hungry again, with that burp making more room,”

Steve’s belly gurgled rather impressively, and Steve realized with a rush of surprise and further arousal that Jonathan actually happened to be right, adding an exciting layer of realism to the pretend. Jonathan and Nancy were noticeably red too, once they caught on.

“I could eat,” Steve said, aware that they all knew it was one hell of an understatement.

The response ended up being to order a huge feast of takeout from Bulk City’s restaurant, although Steve still had to follow Bulk City’s odd rule about free takeout. You could only order as much takeout food as you’d previously proven you could eat in one sitting.... Providing an interesting incentive to try and order more than one thing at once.

Luckily, there was no rush on proving how much you could eat, as long as it was in one sitting and you didn’t leave the table. That way, you could take advantage of breaks to push a bit further, which was

precisely what Steve had done earlier in month 3. In month one, he could eat one main course meal... But now he'd already managed to painstakingly push it to two, plus an appetizer and dessert... and of course, Bulk City's appetizers and desserts were formidable in themselves.

Steve couldn't wait to dig in... and more importantly, he couldn't wait to see where he was by the end of month 3.